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A LITTLE BISMUTH.

A Story of Artist Life in Munich.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS. AUTHORIOF "PRUE'S BACKBONE," "JOHN MAR-SHALL'S SPHERE," ETC.

An artist's procession in Munich has caused a suspension of business for the day. Toward dusk an elderly appearing woman, black-cloaked and veiled, enters a drug shop in a street a little removed from the business portion of the town.

The clerks of the establishment are among the thousands viewing the pageant, then passing a few streets away. When the heels of the woman's boots rattle upon the marble flooring the proprietor of the shop comes forward from the back of the long room, where he has been brooding under the single gas jet lighted in the place. He is a young man, white of face and wild of eye, looking as though he were undergoing a severe mental strain.

"What is your wish?" he asks in a voice that has an English ring in it.

The woman was fumbling at her pocket as though in search of her purse.

"I should like a small quantity of bismuth," she answered, when he had addressed her a sec-

ond time. The druggist picked up a horn spatula, went to the back of the shop, returned with the spatula filled with a white powder, put some of it in the silver scale upon the polished counter, wrapped it in a bit of fine paper and handed it to his customer.

She did not immediately take it from his hand, which caused him to look at her and note her apparel; thus he was able to describe her appearance to the police a little later on. He also noted that the eyes back of the veil were fixed upon him. This, in his then frame of mind, irritated him.

"Here is your bismuth," he said almost

Then she caught up the little package, tossed down a piece of money and walked rapidly to the door. The knob in her hand, she paused. "Is there anything else?" he asked.

She opened the door and was gone. A band in the procession was playing the liveliest of tunes, wisps of the melody entering the shop. The druggist groaned, and picking up the spatula went to put in the drawer from which he had taken it the powder left over from the quantity he had weighed out for the woman. When he came to the place he started back with an exclamation. He had neglected the shop for several days, and during his absence a clerk had taken the bismuth from the drwer where it had always been kept and substituted for it a newly discovered drug, one of the deadliest and most subtle poisons in the pharmacopæia. He had properw marked the drawer with the name of the poison, but the druggist had automatically gone to the usual receptacle of the bismuth and had not noticed the change. He had given the unknown woman enough of the poison to kill

He flew to the door. The woman was nowhere to be seen. He ran to the corner and looked up and down in the gathering gloom, but no one was in sight. He retraced his steps to the shop and found on the threshold the label marked "Bismuth," which he had placed upon the woman's purchase, and which she must have torn off as she agitatedly put the package in her pocket. This label bore his name; his first sensation was almost of relief—the mistake might not now be traced to him if the poor creature swallowed the drug he had given her.

Where was the happiness of life?-here was an elderly, bowed woman whose mourning weeds bespoke sadness and loss; might be not have placed within her reach relief from care and memory? Then he revolted from this morbid reasoning, and the enormity of his responsi-bility flashed across him. He went to the parlor back of the shop. Here he found his mother reading—a stern, cold woman, in whose eyes was a power of will unpossessed by her son.
"Let rae tell you what I have done," he said

She slowly closed her book. "What do you mean!" she asked leisurely, as though she expected some extravagant story of an escapade. He told her what had occurred. Her brow contracted.

"Blame your own weak self," she said. "No. I blame you." he retorted.
"How me?" she demanded, rising to her feet. "Expiain yourself."

"Have you not made me as I am?" he said unnit for business, unfit for anything whatso-"I have not," she answered, "but the acting-

woman has."
With a stride he was beside her, his hand upon "Do not touch me," she said, shaking him off, "and listen to me."

"You have not, for days, allowed me to speak. I shall speak now."

His insolence of manner cast a glow on her face and made her barsher than she meant to

"I say that you should blame Lilli, the acthensible carelessness," she said; "I have told you that she maddened you—you knew that no good could come of your intimacy with her."
"I know that I love her."

"A woman barely knowing her name; woman acting upon the stage. You are of ir-reproachable descent; your dead father was a gentleman, your mother is a lady. Could I brook an alliance which should bring into our family a player whose face has turned the heads of half the youth in Munich? Let her marry | the choicest ladies of the land. It might be her own fraternity, one who views her trade from the art stand-point. A marriage with you was simply impossible. From the first I told you how it would be. Did you take warning? You but allowed yourself to be all the more carried away by your infatuation, and were on the point of declaring yourself to her when I came to the rescue."

"And how did you come to the rescue!" he asked. "Tell me that." "By appealing to the woman herself," she answered, "as you know,"

"Yes, by going to the back-door of a theater. asking for an actress and laying before her your puritanical ideas, to such a degree showing her your distaste for her that she needs must see in me the weakest of men because of your presumption, and so she gives me up. And this is the woman you say is not fit to enter our poor family that sends its sons to foreign countries trying to eke out an existence on a beggarly income, which at home would not keep us according to tradition and in the 'set' we call our own.
In going to Lilli as you did you chowed that she was equal to the highest womanhoed; a woman less than a lady would never have resented your visit as she has done--would never have given up the man who loves her."

She was putting on her bonnet. "You are scarcely accountable for what you are saying." she said. "I did that for you for which you will yet thank me. Lilli -

"Is as true a woman as you are." She raised her chin. "As though I should have gone to her had she not been," she said; "as though a Clark would harbor a feeling of admiration for a woman who is not as irreproachable in every respect as the ladies of his own family. She is a good woman, but so are there many good women of unfortunate parentage and with miserable ways of earning a living. A ballet-dancer, a waitress in a cafe may possess all that the Fraulein Lilli bas ascribed to her; but would you marry the danseuse or the waitress? It is all over, and happily over; to-morrow night is her last in Munich. In Berin she will renew her early triumphs, while you will have grown calm enough to recognize the force of my reasoning-especially when the fraulein marries a title." She had not meant

"What is that!" he cried quickly. "Your violence has prevented me telling you all. Your love, as you persist in terming your insane infatuation, has made me somewhat fearful of the consequences were I to tell you all that the fraulein told me; but your mistake in the selling of poison proves that nothing you might know could make you more reckless. Lilli informed me, when I last saw her, two days ago, that she had been saked in marriage by the

Baron Voirath." "And her answer to him?" She had not given him an answer yet." Then she shall Lot," he cried. "I will force her to see what my love is worth to her."

He made for the door. "Stop!" his mother said, ringingly. She took off her bonnet and reseated hersolf. Her son looked at her. "You have something else to do before that, she said with an effort. "I was about to try to

sesist you in its performance; now I remain here. You have yet to rectify the mistake you have made in your shop. Neglect for a minute what devolves upon you to do in this matter, and see if the Fraulein Lilli will listen to the sait of the most effectually ruined man in Mu-

JK WALTZ

CARL SIDUS, Op. 63. Lively. 2. - 80. The second time the right hand an octave higher.



-Copyright-Kunkel Bros., 1869.-



The second time the right hand an octave higher.

his own weakness and her strength. She had always governed him with her love for him until she had destroyed in him the will to oppose

And now the strongest feeling of his life swayed him-his love for Lilli. He knew the actress other than his mother knew her; be knew her delicate sensitiveness which contact with the world had not blunted. It was this delicate sensitiveness which gained for her the chivalric respect of gentlemen, which often made her impersonations on the stage too refined for

the general taste. His mother's last blow was the hardest-Lilli would blame him for an instant's delay in the adjustment of the terrible mistake he had made: she would blame herself for it! No, he must not go to her until he had done what he could to find the woman he had waited on in the

With a look of dreary reproach for his mother he left the parlor. When she heard him go out into the street, Mrs. Clark went into the shop.
Upon the counter she found the label, "Bismuth," which her son had picked from the floor where the woman had stood. Her hand closed over it; if through his infatuation for the actress, who plainly played with him as she played with so many others, he should endeavor to cover up his mistake and, perhaps, win Lilli through the romantic notion that his feeling for her had made him irresponsible for his acts, she, his mother, would publicly denounce him. Better have him accused of a great piece of carelessness, to undergo punishment, even, than to be the husband of a woman so far beneath him and repugnant to a mother, the women of whose family had ever been among death result from his mistake, but no jury in the world could find him guilty of positive crime. Better incarceration for a while, than a union with a woman whose face was known to

every one who could pay to see it, and who had sprung from the dregs of society. There would be no sentiment between the two when one of them was behind a prison-grating and the other was called to the allurements of praise and nightly acclamation. Whatever passed through her mind, she so-

knowledged that she was uncertain regarding Lilli's feeling for her son, while she realized that her child had that in him now which mother-love could never hope to conquer. She set her teeth close together, hating the woman who had come between her and her boy, who was doubtless even now running to throw himself at her feet. But Clark had not gone to Lilli; the force of what his mother had said struck him, accuse her as he might as being the cause of all the sorrow. He hastened to the station. Here he notified the police as to what had occurred. There came to him an awakening from the low, morbid condition into which he had been plunged these last few days, a horror of the outcome of it. All that night there were vain attempts to discover the elderly woman in a black cloak and veil who had asked for a small quantity of bismuth. Every minute Clark became more auxious. The finding of the woman seemed to be the pivot

upon which hung his future happiness or unhappiness—it seemed almost as though Lilli said, "Find her, and I am yours; find her not, and take my blame." Criers were sent out who ran about the streets proclaiming the incident.
All night long Clark did what he could to rectify his mistake. At daybreak, haggard and worn, he left the station and went home. His mother met him. She had heard of all

that he had done. With a shock she realized that his task was undertaken for love of the actress-it had not been mere infatuation with him. She knew that she herself was placed saide for ever, that henceforth he was removed from her control. And she had loved him as the only thing left her to love; she had come from her native land for his sake alone; she had done all that she had done for his sake. If she had only thought that more than infatuation for the actress had been the source of his admiration! But, no, she could not bring herseif to say that her son's wife should be as Lilli was-and Lilli had spoken coldly to her, had smiled with an ennuled air and mentioned the Baron Volrath! Ob, her poor boy!

When he came in she dared not sympathize with him, she dared not say a word to him. She could only question him with stricken eyes. "I am doing what I can," he said to her, and passed on up to his own chamber where he locked himself in, and where she feared to go

That day red placards were placed on the billboards. "Extras" were thrown about the city. with sensational headings-"A Life Endangered," "A Case of Poisoniong," "Wanted, all Women Who Bought Bismuth Last Evening," and the like-until the whole city was excited and everybody was hunting for the elderly woman in a black cloak who had purchased a small quantity of bismuth. The station was crowded with people who wished to have their medicines examined; women became hysterical and declared themselves poisoned, and were dissatisfied when it was proven that they were mistaken. It would have taken a barrel of bismuth to have

evening came, and the elderly woman in th black cloak remained undiscovered. The Fraulein Lilli naturally heard of the commotion. Her maid spoke much of it when

she carried the chocolate to her bedside in the Greta thought that her mistress looked poorly these two or these days, and that her acting last night showed a perceptible falling off. So with the chocolate she carried fresh news of the strange excitement in the city and hoped that it might provoke a smile. Instead, the fraulein asked her to be silent and to read the items in

the morning paper. Greta set the tray and the chocolate-jug or the stand in reach of her mistress and picked up the paper. She had little more than unfolded the sheet when she uttered an exclamation. "Fraulein," she cried, "what do you think! The mistake took place in the shop of your American friend, Herr Clark." Lilli gazed blankly at her. Greta went on

and read the paper's account of the affair in all The Fraulein Lilli arose and slipped on peignor of rosy silk. She crossed the room to a box on the table at the further end; she raised the lid of the box only to let it fall.

"Where is the letter I wrote to the Baron Volrath?" she asked. "I posted it while you were at the theater last night, when I came home after taking you there," answered Greta. "Did you not tell me, Fraulein, always to post the letters I found in

that box?" The actress turned her back to the maid. Her acceptance of the baron, then, had gone to him, and she had meant to recall it.

Why? more than it told the town, and she owned to herself that she loved but one man, and that man was not the one whom she had accepted as her husband, but he who had made a deadly mistake through thought of her. If that letter she had placed in the box was posted there was another to be posted at once, she fumbled at the pocket of her peignor.

"Greta," she said, "the letter that was here?" "I found it when I hung up the dress last evening," answered Greta. "It was stamped, so posted it slong with the other." Lilli laughed. The second letter had been to Clark; in it she told him she had accepted the Baron Volrath. Well, it was right that it should go after the other letter; and yet she would have given the world to have had them both in her hand at this "Greta," she said, "why do you sit there read-

ing nonsense! Do you not know that we leave Munich after the performance to-night?" Greta threw down the paper. "But, Fraulien," she cried, "I thought we should wait until to-morrow when the Baron Volrath would come to Munich and go on to

Berlin with us." "We leave Munich to-night." "Yet they say that the Baron will not be here till to morrow.

"We leave to-night." Greta could not understand her mistress that day; she was tyrannical, nothing pleased her, and yet she started at the slightest noise, refused to see any callers, and grew more unbearable each moment. She was glad enough when it was time to go to the theater. Even here her mistress brought that day's mood with her; nothing was right, her costume was complained of, she was curt to the manager and delayed the raising of the curtain much beyond the usual time. The house was packed from pit to dome on the occasion of her farewell to Munich. Moreover it was an especially jolly house, for the affair of the druggist had assumed ludicrous proportions, and people were accusing one another of wishing to purchase a small quantity of bismuth.

The gamins of the city were already using the name of the drug as a catch-word. Many wisebea is declared that it was all a clever American mode of advertising the drug shop. In the theater there were small jokes bandled from one to another, and all touching upon the topic that absorbed that day's attention in the town. Therefore, when the curtain arose and the favorite actress came forward, she faced a goodhumored audience. Yes, they were merry and happy, even in saying farewell to her; a tragic

incident made them cheerful as need be. Had they known of the tragedy in her own breast, would they have been as cheerful? She en cted the role of a merry maiden with puzzling number of lovers from which to select a husband, coquetry in her smile and on her lips; and all the time she was thinking that she had made herself vile in the eyes of the man she loved and whom she had let see that she loved. And yet his mother had proved to her that she was nothing to him, had begged that she would set him free from her "toils." Her toils! She had told the anxious mother that her son was free, had promised that she would write to him and tell him of her engagement to the Baron. And she had done so; and by this time he must be thinking her the basest woman in the world. And here she was making people light-hearted with her piquant given even the smallest quantity to each of scring as a worldly maiden with more happiness all that his mother had said concerning her was those who elaimed that he or she might be the than she knew how to dispose of. She got proved true. And he had been in her love for unfortunate victim. The day went on to noon, through her part, and made a tableau of joy and himself if ever a woman it a man see her love.

beauty as the green cloth rolled down at the end of the performance.

When she was called before the curtain, over her gorgeous gown she had slipped on a long black cloak. For she had tried to escape from the theater without responding to the call. As she smilingly bowed her acknowledgment of the plaudits, a boy, referring to her cloak, sepulchrally murmured, "Bismuth!" and the people roared. She hastened from the stage, brushed past admirers who waited to give her a last greeting, and reached her carriage with

Grets in it. She was silent all the way home. She sought her room at once, and bade Greta to leave her alone. She sat before her mirror and regarded the reflection of her face therein. It was a beautiful face, a pure woman-face. And that other woman had as much as said she was not fit to be the wife of her son.

The man she loved did not care for her, and she had promised another man to be his wife! She had been used to depict grief and agony on the stage; now she called the suffering of art trivial when she thought of those of nature. She felt thoroughly alone, a homeless, friendless creature whose will had raised her to where she was, and whose love told her that she had toiled in vain. She contemplated ber life, its privations, its struggles, until there had come into it a great light and warmth-her love for the American. And the light and warmth had been as false to her as any represented on the stage. And she must be as worthless, as far beyond pale of worthy society woman had let her feel was, when she could accept good and true Baron Volrath for her valoved husband. Pride, wounded tenderness, had preed her to make a victim of a guiltless man. What had her life done for her when it all ended in this dismal failure? She had befriended many, the poor blessed her, she was a rising artist, a woman with ripening intellect; and yet at this hour she was the meanest, most humiliated creature she could imagine. Humiliated! She started and turned chastly; she had been selfish-there was a further humiliation for her-she must set at rest the troubled mind of the man who loved her not. Yet why should shel-why should she not let him have his share

of suffering? "Oh, God!" she thought, "but I love him. Dare I tell him that I hungered for a sight of him! that I passed by his place of business, in last evening's dusk, and saw him in there? that, insane as I am at this moment, I entered the shop just for a parting near look at him? that, once inside, I realized my position, and calling my art into requitition I became an old woman before him, and asked for a drug! that it was to me be gave the poison which has caused him so much suxiety? I might tell him this to-night: shall be away before he knows it; the glamour have thrown over him will have paled, and he will know that I am nothing to him. But he must not say I caused a possible death." She fiercely rang the bell on her dressing-

"Gretta," she said. "the carriage!" "It is waiting, Fraulein, to take us to the station." "First I must write a letter. You shall post it while I put on my hat." She sat down and wrote the note to Clark which should relieve his mind of all anxiety over his mistake of the evening before, But she did not tell him of the feeling which actu-

ated her in going into his shop, she could not tell him that she loved the man who was only infatuated with her as an artiste, the man whom she had in her "toils." She stamped the letter and gave it to her maid to post. The Francein Lilli put on the gown she had

worn last evening when she had gone out in the dusk. Slipping her hand in the pocket she came upon the small package Clark had given her when she had asked for the bismuth. She went over to the fire-place, and unfolding the paper looked down on the little heap of white dust preparatory to throwing it into the flame. Ah! the tender days when she had thought that she was loved as she loved-the days when she deemed she had found a heart that had throbbed responsive to hers, and looked into a man's eyes seeing more there than flattery and misknowledge of the cravings of her hungry soui. She was called a coquette; the flattery of the world forced her to assume the character it assigned to her. But had she coquetted with this man! No. no. a thousand times no. And yet his mother as much as told her he regarded her only as the rest did. There

she grew wild. How long she stood thus she did not know. Suddenly she heard a man's voice in the adjoining drawing-room. Almost with a shriek she recognized it-the Baron Volrath's; he must have started to find her as soon as he had received her letter. And-what! Another voice in the drawing-room-a second man's voice-the voice of the man she loved! For Clark had been overwhelmed by her let

arose before her possibilities of a future with

him, of a future without him, till she felt that

Chicago Times. ter, telling him of her acceptance of the baron; all that his mother had said concerning her was proved true. And he had been in her love for

for him. It had all been simulation, art, then. He took the letter to his mother. "Forgive me," he said. "You will understand when "ou

have read this." She could say not a word; she could only carry the letter into the privacy of her own room and have her agony beyond the sight of humanity. Clark was well nigh crazed that day; he was jeered at for the excitement he had raised in the city, and people were doubtful if there had been an elderly woman who wanted a small quantity of bismuth, and who, instead, received a deadly poison. He got through the day, busy with the authorities and the crowds around his shop. And all the day there was but one absorbing thought-Lilli. When night came he thought of her in the theater, her last appearance a triumph. When it was about time for the performance to be over he left the house. False as she might be, he loved her-he must look upon her just once more before she left him forever. But the theater was dark when he got there:

he could not see her go to her carriage surrounded by the youth of Munich. Then a rage seized him; he would go to her house, upbraid her for all her falsity to him. He tore along to the street in which was her bijou residence. Greta was coming down the "Herr Clark," she cried, "I was about to post

this letter for you." A letter! He snatched it from the girl, tore it open and read it in the light from the hall. Lilli had not written why she had come to his shop, but he was a lover, and he read between the lines-he read all that she had thought, and had not put down in her communication to him. She loved him! He rushed up the stairs to the drawing-

"Lilli, Lilli," he cried rapturously, "Lilli, A gentleman confronted him. "You are speaking of my betrothed wife, sir," he said Clark with clenched fist looked at him. "You ite!" he thundered. The Baron strode up to him. At this moment the door of the dress ing-room opened and the actress, with a face

like marble, stood on the threshold. "Lilli, my loved one," said the Baron, and went to her and saluted her. For a moment Clark gazed stupidly at the pair; and then without having said a word to her went from the room, from the house, reeling like a drunken man. "Come!" said Lilli. "We shall be late for the

train. Come!" "But that man!" queried the baron. "The American druggist who has made Munich laugh to-day," answered she. "I have frequently met him; he came, presumably, to bid me adieu. "I am glad, "soberly returned the Baron, "that public life will soon be over for you."

"Come," she said. In the train she shivered as though from cold. The baron wrapped a rug around her. Then she was drowsy. "Lean thy head upon my shoulder," he said. She would have refused to do so, but he drew her pretty head down to his arm.

"You have worked too hard," he said leaning tenderly over her. "But now you will soon be at home and at rest." "Yes," she returned, and closed her eyes.

He drew her closely to him and she did not resist. He held his arm around her. After a while he thought her sleep was very peaceful and looked smilingly down upon her upturned face. Then he cried out. He tried to wake her and could not. The powder she had taken in her dressing-room had given her a sleep from which she would never awake in this world.

Queer Scenes at Indianapolis.

Special to New York Sun. One of the most conspicuous figures about the streets, and a fair example of the extent to which idiocy ruled the town was Brig.-Gen. McGinnis, aged seventy-five, and a leading and generally dignified citizen, who roamed about with his high hat swathed in red calico, blowing a tin trumpet about a foot long. This bandage of red about a high hat was a favorite expression of Harrison jubilation. Another sort of Harrison head-gear was a bright red soft hat, something like a tennis hat, with "544" painted in white on the side of the crown. These are called Harrison hats, and all the hat stores are booming them. One idiot, in a nice cottage on Pennsylvania street, has "Harrison, 544," daubed in paint on the front of his house, When he recovers he will have to hire a painter to make his house presentable again. A big clothing house displays in its window what is labelled, and what from its looks may very well be, "The Harrison Banner of 1840." It is about two feet square, of dingy white cloth, with a gold spread-eagle embroidered on it, a scroll above, bearing the wreath "E pluribus unum," and one below the word "Union.

Ought to Have Been There.

To General Harrison: The dispatches say that a lady kissed you when she heard of your nomination. Yum! Yum! You old rascal. W. TECUMSER.

Written for the Sunday Journal,

wild March wind, an April sky, May blossoms then, June meloly, A cloud of dust and then—July. So fickle rolls the changing year In various moods to chill or cheer. With seed-time cold or barvest sere.

Through twelve brief changes, swift and soon, The waxing and the waning moon Have told the seasons up to noon-Midsummer noon, so hot and still The noisy crickets cease to shrill And silent doze beneath the sill.

So rare the calm, so thin and clear, That dreamily we almost hear The buzzard's shadow cleave the air; While to the drowsy ear is borne The crinkling of the leaves that turn The silken tassels into corn.

The nooning mowers idly grasp Their steel blades with a sudden rasp That stings the silence like an asp. And swung by brown arms, long and lithe, Beneath the swift, encircling scythe The squadrons of the meadows writhe.

Behind the reapers in the wheat In rosy glee the gleaners' feet Trip to the sickle's rhythmic beat. Ho! reaper, haste; the field is white, The harvest waits thy sickle bright, While noon speeds onward into night

-Edwin S. Hopkins. Written for the Sunday Journal. Love in June.

Oh! Bright is the morning with roses of June,
With singing of cathirds and whistling of quail,
With tinkling of streams and the musical error Of doves on the sweep of the odorous gale! And see! My beloved, this morning in June, Walks out through the meadows with daisies ablow; They bend to her skirts and they kiss at her shoon, And, aye, for a kiss I would bend me as low! The grasses and daisies of redolent June

Can kiss her, and may be get kiss in return; Oh, that my beloved would grant me the boon The sweets of her lips by the tasting to learn! My darling, the roses and daisies of June
Are lovely, and sweet is the song of the stream,
The birds, and the breeze, and the ring-dove's low But thou art the crown of the beautiful dream.

Lo, down through the leaf-laden arches of June I come to the meadow, and, wilt thou be mine. Then shall not the daisies, that kiss at thy shoon -Their gold and their silver-my fortune outshine.

-Herman Rave. JEFFERSONVILLE, IND. Written for the Sunday Journal. To-Morrow.

> May be the load of sorrow, To-day is passing swiftly, And golden shines to-morrow The heavy storm-cloud lowers, And eyes and soul are dim. But Oh, from beaven borrows

It matters not how heavy

The cloud its silver rim! The bird from bidden coverts Still sings its glorious song, The flowers their petals open To cheer the passing throng.

Lift up the stricken, shrinking Soul-saddened face of sorrow, And with the glad bird's winging Sing, "Golden shines to-morrow! -E. S. L. Thompson.

Afterward. "Never," he vowed it, "while life may last, Can I love again. I will die unwed." "And I, too, dear, since our dream is past.
I will live single," she sobbing said.

A storm of farewells—of wild good-byes— He rushed from the spot, like an outcast soul. She hid in a pillow her streaming eyes, And wept with anguish beyond control. Just five years afterward, they two met

At a vender's stand, in a noisy street; He saw the smile he could ne'er forget. And she the eyes that were more than sweet. "Oh, Kate!" "Oh, Harry!" { "How well you look!" How well you look!" "I stopped," he said, "just to get a toy
For my little girl." "I wanted a book,"
She softly said, "for my little boy."

-Madeline S. Bridges, in Puck. To Abraham Lincoln. GETTYSBURG, JULY, 1898.

Shade of our greatest, O look down to-day: Here for three suns the awful battle roared, And brother into brother plunged his sword Here foe meets foe once more in dread array; Yet, ah! not now to conquer and to slay.

But to strike hands, and with sublime accord To weep heroic tears for those who soared

Straight from earth's carnage to the starry way.

Each fought for what he deemed the people's good

And proved his bravery with his offered life,

And sealed his honor with his outpoured blood;

But the Eternal did direct the strife;

And from this sacred field a patriot host Looks up to thee, thou dear, majestic ghost -Bichard Watson Gilder, in The Critic.

BITS OF FASHIO In lingerie nothing is better style than pure white linen, ornamented with delicty hem-stitch-

New mittens in real lace have appeared, those for evening wear both in black and white, and also in pale fade tints to match the tollet. Mrs. James Brown Potter has a new claim to

fame as the first ultra-fashionable to appear, not with a subdued bustle, but absolutely without

Your French dressmaker, in the rage for things English, now votes the old whig "blue and buff," sky blue and canary yellow more stylish than the pompadour blue and pink. Silk-surfaced cotton moirs is made up into underskirts for watering-place wear, and though their hue must vary with the gown they accom-

themselves in laundry bills several times over in the course of the season Round hats of Brussels net, point d'esprit. tulle, and India silk muslin, are shirred lets various pretty and picturesque shapes to wear with dressy toilets all summer. They are light cool, and very becoming, and can be purchased in ivory, or cream-white ecru, black, and pale

It is said that the fashionable women in Paris and London are again making graceful use of very long Spanish scarfs, both in black and white. A few have been seen upon stylish young ladies on the avenues and Broadway. Use is made of very handsome jeweled pins and antique brooches in their adjustment.

Cow-bells of highly-polished brass in some cases, gold-about three inches high and ornamented with engraving, are used to finish the girdle ends of some of the more daring Fifth-avenue promenaders. She who has a springy step makes them tinkle a merry tune, but she to whom ill-fate gives a hulking gait should let them severely alone, as their un-rythmic clink-clank accentuates most disagreeably her lack of grace.

Gathered English blouses, made of checked, striped, or large polka-dotted cashmere or French flannel, are made perfectly plain on the shoulders for those who are inclined to be stout. The neck has a wide turn-down collar, and the sleeves are in bishop style, or but slightly gathered if the blouse is plain over the shoulders. There is a wide box-pleat in the center, this briar-stitched in silk, or simply machine-stitched in several rows. The deep cuffs and collar are similarly finished.

The new bouillionne skirt, so much a favorite for all thin stuffs, is made by cutting the breadths some inches longer than the foundstion skirt, which must be bordered with a fiveinch ruffle, above which the skirt is sewed, then drawn to the top and the extra length puffed out around the hips and at the back by a stitch here and there, while the front drops in long, graceful festoons, caught at the side with bows of ribbon or a soft sech. To match there should be a round bodice three-quarters high tied upon the shoulders, with ribbons matching the skirt under which must be worn a high prested chemisette of silk or muslin, and the sleeves must be full, reach a little below the elbow and be tied in with ribbon just above it.

A Talented Empress.

Pall Mall Gazette. The widowed Empress Victoria, of Germany, is, as every one knows, a very talented woman. In addition to her other literary work, she is credited by the Frankfurter Zeitung with the German translation of Marco Minghettl's book on "State and Church," which was published in 1881 without the name of the translator. Her interest in ecclesiastical questions and her thoroughly liberal attitude toward them have long been a matter of notoriety. The University library at Gottingen possesses a copy of the German edition, upon the flyleaf of which the librarian has written, "According to the information given by the publisher, there is no doubt that this translation is the work of her Imperial Majesty Victoria, Empress of Ger-

Puttkamer as Bismarck's Cousts. Pall Mall Gazette. Herr Von Pattkamer is a full cousin of Prisce Bismarck, and has always been regarded as a mere creature of the Chancellor's. Since 1881 he has been Minister of the Interior and Vicepresident of the Ministry. His previous official career was chiefly in provincial spheres, and there he frequently distinguished himself by the use of his official position to influence elections in favor of the government. In contradic-Prince Bismarck, however, I learn from a trustworthy source that some years age a ministerial crisis, of which nothing was published at the time, was brought about by Prince Bismarck with the object of forcing Von Putkamer out

of the Ministry. A Correct Diagnosi

The nomination of Benjamin Harrison and to be acceptable to the Indianapolis Journal.